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THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

To-Day's Contents of the Herald.

THE ALSATIAN DEPUTIES in the Prussian Reichstag have taken the determined step of seceding from the legislative hall. They have returned to Strasbourg. Imperial Germany will no doubt treat this manifestation of French patriotism with disdain, or may seek to prevent a repetition of it on the part of others of her newly acquired subjects by means of penal enactments. The circumstance indicates, notwithstanding, the existence of an unpleasant condition of feeling.

The Ultimate Forms of Charity—Mr. Dana's Great Idea.

We publish elsewhere a thoughtful article from our ingenious contemporary, the *Sun*. Mr. Dana elaborates a great idea, which cannot be too widely discussed. It comes from him with more emphasis because he has striven earnestly during the present unhappy time to lead to the relief of the suffering, and has evidently thought anxiously over the best means of doing so.

Mr. Dana's great idea is not as important now as it may be in the future. We entirely concur with him that "if the best thing we can suggest to help people who are suffering hunger and destitution from want of work is to ladle soup out to them, we should say we are to be pitied for our want of sense almost as much as the poor are for want of work." This is a sound principle. We cannot permanently remedy the wants of the suffering poor in New York by any system of relief like that now in operation, by the founding of soup houses or the random distribution of any character of bounty. But we must alleviate suffering and then remedy the cause. When a pestilence breaks out in the community the first duty is to go among the sick and minister to their wants. After the pestilence then we can look into the sanitary conditions and see wherein we have offended them and how we can eradicate the offence. There is an immediate as well as an ultimate duty. The first is to relieve, the second to prevent. Nothing, for instance, could be more absurd as a general principle of political economy than the sending of ships laden with flour and breadstuffs to a country like Ireland, as was done in 1848. All the breadstuffs in America could not affect in the least the grave social and political problems oppressing Ireland. A famine is impending in India. In a few weeks millions of Asiatics will die from starvation unless England succeeds in affording artificial relief by sending rice to Bombay, just as soup is sent to the Seventh ward. And yet for a government to adopt the policy of sending rice to India as a matter of administration would be to violate the plainest laws of administration. The way to avoid famines in India is not to send rice to Bombay, any more than the ladling of soup in the Seventh ward is the way to improve the comfort and prosperity of its inhabitants. But calamities had fallen upon India and Ireland, corn and rice became necessary, and, notwithstanding all that was done by private and public influence, there was only a partial relief in Ireland, as we fear greatly there will only be a partial relief in India.

New York affords a parallel case. A calamity has fallen upon the city. It came with the last panic. No one supposes that any amount of soup will do away with the effects of the panic or make us secure against its recurrence. But thousands of men, who entered the summer assured of employment, confident in the solvency of the great houses and associations who commanded their labor, found themselves suddenly out of employment. It was not their fault any more than it was the fault of the Irish peasant that the blight destroyed the potato, or the fault of the Hindoo that rain did not fall in Bengal. It was simply a calamity, a visitation of God to them, menacing thousands with want and starvation. There is no large city in the world with so small a pauper class as New York. As a general thing our poor, no matter how poor, are free from the necessity of begging. Mendicancy is revolting to the mind of the humblest workingman. When, therefore, we see mendicancy, it means far more than it would mean in other communities. When this winter began there was scarcely a highway where we did not find beggars. They were not professional beggars, because we really have no such class in New York. They were simply honest, poor, worthy men, driven to beg or die. And when, instructed and warned by these symptoms, we set on foot an inquiry into their causes, the result was painful and appalling. We discovered that a large, worthy and most interesting class of our people was on the brink of universal want. Of course if we had known this last summer—if we had known, among other things, that Jay Cooke and the Sprague and others were going to fail; that we were to have a panic in all business, the shrinking of values, the paralysis of industry and the sudden throwing of thousands of worthy men out of employment, we could have devised the wisest remedies. There would then have been time for the elaboration and fulfilment of Mr. Dana's great idea and of the ideas of other thoughtful men. But when the truth came upon us we had no time. Immediate relief was necessary. Mr. Dana argues that, as a general rule, those who want soup do not deserve it; that the decent and industrious workingman would only go for soup in "the last extremity." This is perfectly true, and we can best describe the situation by calling this "the last extremity." Mr. Dana has only to visit one of these institutions to see that those who seek their aid are not "the vagabond poor." Would, indeed, that they were only the vagabond poor, or that we had no poor but those who became so from vagabond ways—"the helpless, blighted members of the race, the chronic poor and dependent." The question would be an easy one to solve. Our reports show that those in want now are precisely "that large class" denominated by Mr. Dana "the decent, industrious poor."

For the present we are all doing our best. The arrangements in New York are now so perfect that any case of actual want and suffering would be almost impossible, and we shall go through the winter, we suppose, more comfortably. But what of the future? And in dealing with the future we admire the wisdom of Mr. Dana's great idea. "We see no reason," he says, "why, in a great city like New York, and, indeed, in all our chief cities, there cannot be established by individual effort manufacturing and mechanical, and even artistic, centres where labor thrown out of its ordinary employment might find occupation at reduced rates of pay—centres of industry, where individuals, skilled and even unskilled, might find something to do at prices which would afford them far more than one or two bowls of soup per day." This is very true, and Mr. Dana shows that, "in the various manufactures of wood, of leather, of iron, and even of cotton and wool and paper, and the thousand and one subordinate mixed industries, an immense proportion of the labor thrown occasionally out of its customary avocations might find even remunerative employment in such centres of occupation for the unemployed." Then comes the practical inference that "it would take a comparatively small sum to initiate an experiment in some single branch of industry; and if it should be successful, as we feel sure it might be, what a wide vista of hope it would open for the future of every crowded community, and what a world of genuine relief it would afford to the estimable poor, as well as to those charitable souls who so willingly employ time and money in their behalf!"

We think this is a great and sound idea. There may be some trouble in adjusting the details of the experiment. Mr. Dana assures us that it would take a small sum to initiate it in some single branch of industry. History is not rich in successful precedents of this kind. But we presume the experiments have never been honestly and calmly tried. In England co-operation is now the favorite panacea for poverty; but even co-operation is on trial. Capital shelters itself so securely and commands the laws of trade so inflexibly that co-operation can only partially assert the rights of the deserving poor. Louis Blanc had some enthusiastic visions of vast laboring unions in 1848, with the palaces as national workshops; but somehow the plan did not succeed. The experiments in America about thirty years ago, when some of our foremost minds, like Emerson, Greeley and Hawthorne, believed that Fourier had solved the problem, can scarcely be cited as encouraging precedents. Brook Farm, the most celebrated attempt of all, began under the best auspices, and was managed by humane and gifted men. But it did not succeed. The work could not be properly divided. We think it was Emerson who wittily said that while one man felt it his duty to work in the fields the other believed it his duty to look at him from the window. So with other institutions—Strawberry Farm, in New Jersey, for instance. The two farms have long since fallen into the hands of prosy farmers, who till them for gain. And if we were to establish anti-poverty workshops in New York they might incur the same disastrous risk, unless managed with prudence and skill and strong business sense.

So that, while we are not stimulated by these precedents, we feel that the idea is worthy of renewed trial. We appreciate as fully as Mr. Dana "the totally inadequate nature of existing arrangements for the relief of a worthy and deserving class of our population." We shall welcome and aid every way in our power any experiment that may be tried for their relief. If Mr. Dana's great idea can be entrusted to the management of careful business men, and not to enthusiasts like Louis Blanc, with his national workshop plans, it will, we are confident, lead to good results. We shall be happy to see it attempted, especially if Mr. Dana will not confound the immediate duty of relieving misery with the ultimate duty of devising means to prevent its recurrence. That seems to be the only weak point in his argument.

Admiral Porter on Naval Inefficiency.

The report of Admiral Porter to the Secretary of the Navy, which we print this morning, points to a good deal of inefficiency in the navy for which Congress is not responsible, and suggests some improvements for which Congress will be responsible unless his views are adopted. It may be taken as a truism that no navy in the world is worse manned than ours. Admiral Porter suggests a remedy in the apprentice system, and his suggestion is both wise and timely. We must have skilled seamen who are American citizens for our vessels in time of war, and the only way by which a supply seems possible is by a system that trains men for a service to which they may return. It is astonishing that any necessity should exist for Admiral Porter's remarks about the absence of life-saving apparatus on our vessels, and the neglect should no longer be disregarded. The greater part of Admiral Porter's report is taken up with his discussion of the torpedo system. The remarkable part of what the Admiral has to say on this subject is in the fact that he neither fails to expose the indifference of our naval officers to this means of defence nor to impress its importance upon the department and on Congress. It is believed that torpedoes will become an efficient means of coast and harbor defence, but they can only be made useful by the skill of the officers and men in the torpedo service. The system is a new element in naval warfare, and is as yet imperfectly understood and awkwardly practised. Admiral Porter's incisive discussion of its necessity and his explicit instructions regarding its practice, both for perfecting it as a part of the science of war and making it valuable in the emergencies of battle, commend themselves to the common sense of the country. Indeed, his report is in every sense an eminently common sense report, and one that ought to receive the full attention of Congress and the Secretary of the Navy.

THE CURTAIN HAS FALLEN on the second act of the new opera, "La Diva en Maschera." Mme. Lucca, Mlle. Di Murska and Signor Vizzani have sailed from Havana for New York, after depositing in the hands of the Court the required sum of money for the chorus and orchestra. A court scene, with red fire and introductory ballet and the tableau of the payment of the money, might be worked up into a musical *ensemble* equal to the "Benediction des Poignards" of Meyerbeer, while the joyous *roulades* of the released song birds and the frantic exultation of the triumphant chorus would furnish a theme worthy of Wagner's pen. The reflections of the chorus and orchestra that they have yet to await the pleasure of the Spanish Court, and endure, perhaps, a deal of vexatious delay, while their board bills are daily increasing to an unwarrantable extent, would make an effective subject in a minor key. Then the lament of the operatic agent, left behind like "the poor Exile of Erin," forms a capital close to the second act. Selika, under the deadly upas tree, watching the departure of Vasco di Gama's ship, could in this case be transformed into a tenor, sitting on the dingy wharf of Havana, while the steamer passes New Yorkward under the frowning walls of Morro Castle.

THE QUESTION OF INDIAN CITIZENSHIP is to be brought before the House of Representatives to-day by Mr. Shanks, of Indiana, in a resolution he has given notice to introduce, instructing the Committee on Indian Affairs to investigate and report to the House the status of the Indians of the United States as to citizenship under the constitution, with such suggestions as may seem proper and just touching their titles to property and other rights and privileges. Mr. Shanks has stated that he believes the Indians are citizens under the constitution as it has been amended, and he has been working to have the question determined by Congress. If the Indians be citizens how can they be denied the right of voting? Then what is to become of the treaties which have been made with them as a separate people? It is a very nice question and involves many difficulties. It would be curious to see the red men go up to the ballot box to deposit their votes. However, they would know as much about the ballot as many of the negroes of the South did when they were first enfranchised.

Mr. Bergh's Extraordinary Bill.

Mr. Henry Bergh is one of those excellent and enthusiastic gentlemen who permit their emotions to run away with their judgment. This is the only theory upon which we can understand the extraordinary "bill relating to animals," to which we made reference yesterday. Now, we can understand how a wise measure might be adopted, compelling ignorant and brutal men to show more mercy to their animals and more regard for their comfort. This we understand to be the real meaning of Mr. Bergh's mission, the real function of the society over which he presides. In a work of this kind he will command the admiration and sympathy of all humane men.

But Mr. Bergh follows his theory, and is absorbed by it until it becomes a passion, almost a monomania. And, we say it with the utmost regret, when he enters upon it he becomes as rapt in its contemplation and as insensible to mere suggestions of common sense as the valiant and generous Don Quixote when he discoursed on chivalry. Upon what other theory can we understand his bill? Whoever commits a cruelty upon an animal shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. In other words, our butchers and fishermen must abandon their calling or be prepared to follow Mr. Tweed to Blackwell's Island. Then, all Mr. Bergh's agents are to have the powers of sheriffs, with permission to search houses and make arrests and seizures. So that no housewife can plunge a struggling lobster into the pot or arrange a quantity of living oysters for a soup without being in peril from one of Mr. Bergh's sheriffs. Surely it was never seriously intended to give this power to any body of irresponsible men who may wear the badge of his romantic society. No one would seriously object to a visit from Mr. Bergh himself to look after the lobsters, the oysters, the clams or other suffering dwellers in the kitchen, because he is a gentleman and would be welcome everywhere. But we cannot say so much for those he may employ. Heaven knows, what with policemen, municipal and private detectives, revenue agents, Custom House spies, informers, the emissaries of Mr. Sanborn and Colonel Howe, the atmosphere swarms with agents enough without hatching another brood to do the bidding of the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Let there be a just, wise, humane law, really reaching the evil. Mr. Bergh knows very well that certain animals have certain uses in the economy of life; that some must labor, like the horse and oxen; that others must die for our uses—beasts and fish and birds. This is a law as ancient and immutable as our human necessities. What Mr. Bergh really wants to do, as we understand him, is to secure these animals from unnecessary pain. He would not interfere with the slaughter of a pig or the extermination of a rat. He has learned, we have no doubt, what savory mysteries may be enveloped in a tender steak, deftly cooked with mushrooms or truffles. He does not propose to interfere with that, nor with the terrapin and turtle on their way to become soup. He means that animals not necessary for food shall not be slain wantonly, that horses shall not be overdriven or badly fed, that we shall not have bull fights or bear baiting. Let him draw a moderate, plain, sensible bill providing for this and this alone, and there will be no objection to its passage. But there is a serious objection to passing any bill that will submit New York to the enthusiasm of Mr. Bergh's imagination, and, more particularly, give him power to add another swarm to the multitude of officials who now prey upon society under the belief that they administer justice and execute the laws.

The Spring Season of Italian Opera.

The penitential season of Lent, with its typical sackcloth and ashes, will be brightened up this evening by an event to which the music-loving public of New York look forward with interest and hopefulness. The Strakosch Italian Opera Company, that by the completeness of its *ensemble* more than by the merits of any particular artist won the hearty, earnest support and endorsement of metropolitan opera-goers last fall, appears at the Academy of Music to-night in Verdi's last and most remarkable work, "Aïda." The production of this work in America, long before any of the European *impresarii* ventured to present it, except in the cases of a few Italian managers, is a triumph for the cause of lyric art here. The representative opera houses of London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg, with all the wealth of lyric material and government support at their command, must, in this particular instance, yield to the superior enterprise shown at the New York Academy. No opera of late years has attracted more attention and interest and provoked more discussion than the last work of Verdi. European critics speak learnedly and earnestly about its merits, and in Germany some of the highest musical authorities are divided into two schools, one in favor of and the other opposed to the new departure of the composer from his well known style of opera writing. Yet, strange to say, no manager there had the enterprise to furnish a fitting illustration of the much-disputed question by producing the opera. It was reserved for New York to be the first city, after Cairo and a few Italian towns, to enjoy the privilege of hearing and witnessing the opera, placed on the stage in a style corresponding with the efforts of our best theatrical managers. Not content with this signal evidence of operatic enterprise, Mr. Strakosch proposes this season to bring out Wagner's grandest work, "Lohengrin," with the same completeness of *ensemble* and perfection of *mise en scène* that characterized the first representations of "Aïda."

We have repeatedly asserted in these columns the feasibility of the production of large operatic works at the Academy of Music with the same attention to detail as may be found in the performance of comedies at Wallack's or the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Mr. Strakosch has made the experiment, and it has proved an incontestable success. It only remains for him and his successors to carry out the idea in all operas, and not to descend from the high standard of art thus happily inaugurated.

An interesting feature of the forthcoming season will be the farewell engagement of Mme. Nilsson in America. The magnetic power exercised by the Swedish Nightingale over the hearts of the American public by the crystalline purity of her voice, the artistic finish of her vocal school, the intensity of her dramatic art and the complete absorption of her individuality in each *rôle* she undertakes, have been universally felt and acknowledged. Whether it be the Gretchen of Goethe, in the lyric raiment of Gounod; the Bride of Lammermoor, with Donizetti's florid measures; the "Dame aux Camelias," with her sad, pitiful history and heart-broken melodies; the humble Mignon and her simple lays, or the heroine of love, Valentine, and the immortal strains called into existence by the genius of Meyerbeer, the name of Christine Nilsson will ever be associated with those *rôles* in the hearts of New York opera-goers. Since Marty's troupe came from Havana, over twenty years ago, and gave opera at the Castle Garden Opera House, we have had no company to compete with the Strakosch troupe in point of *ensemble* and excellence, even in the smallest details. It is to be hoped that this company will prove the *avant courrier* of a lasting reform in Italian opera in this city.

Still Further Gleams of Light—An Appeal to Religious Rancor.

Brace and Barnard give us another flash of light upon their movements. They inform us that the HERALD'S "attacks on the charitable institutions of the city are confined exclusively to the Protestant charities—those institutions which are under Roman Catholic management are left alone." "This is carrying bigotry pretty far." We should think so. These salaried philanthropists accomplish two purposes in this statement. They say what is untrue about the HERALD, and they make that appeal to religious rancor which history always shows to be the resource of the ignorant and narrow-minded.

Our readers will certainly not require us to say anything in response to the assertion that we ever make discriminations, either in the way of praise or blame, on the ground of religion. Our columns this morning show the impartiality with which we treat all religious questions, as they have shown it on a thousand occasions before.

Mr. Brace is said to be in the habit of visiting Europe at the expense of the charitable people who support his institution. We are afraid that he has learned one evil custom in these journeys—that of religious intolerance. He has no doubt met with Englishmen who have no politics but prejudices, who profess now all the anger and malice that were common in the times of the religious wars, and who contemplate a renewed religious war with exultation. These fanatics are mainly of an ignoble and ignorant type, with rude gifts of speech and occasional access to the newspapers. We can understand how they would impress Mr. Brace. But if he spent more of his time at home, and gave some attention to the institutions and genius of America, he would know that there could be no argument more absurd and injurious to the person making it than this appeal to the spirit which hanged Quakers and burned witches two centuries ago. In this country, Mr. Brace will permit us to inform him, there is the utmost freedom of conscience, and nothing could be more offensive to right-minded Protestants than these Whitechapel and Bethnal Green appeals to Protestantism. This is particularly so because America is a Protestant country, every State and, with scarcely an exception, every city and town being largely inhabited by Protestants. These appeals are made to the religious convictions of the majority of our citizens. But they are none the less impotent and grotesque. In England, as we have said, such appeals have still a certain influence among the lower orders of fanatics, and we see in the Tichborne case that they have been used with pertinacity and zeal. But even in England, and especially in the Tichborne case, public opinion has indicated very plainly that these crude and vulgar imputations are sadly unbecoming the character of an English gentleman.

Let Mr. Brace leave these imputations and this style of rhetoric to Bethnal Green, where it belongs; and, instead of endeavoring to impose upon our people the forgotten anger and strife of religious intolerance in England, let him tell us something about his books. What we wish to know is what is done with the money subscribed to his institution? How much goes to the poor and how much to salaries? How much does he expend on his foreign trips? If Mr. Brace will give us this information we shall not quarrel with anything he pleases to say about our "bigotry."

Benjamin Disraeli.

The reappearance of Benjamin Disraeli as the Prime Minister of England would under any circumstances be a most interesting event, for in his personality he is one of the most interesting characters in history; but he comes back to power as the leader of a reaction—a revolution, as it were; and, if his pledges mean anything, he will give new life and spirit to English government at home and English statesmanship abroad. The meaning of the triumph of the tories is that we shall have a more English spirit in administration—the spirit of Walpole and Castlereagh and Palmerston. Mr. Disraeli as the champion of this policy assumes an importance almost grotesque, for there is nothing in his character or his intellect to justify us in anticipating the robust and lusty statesmanship of the old tories who believed war to be the first duty of England. We can understand something of the new Ministry from a study of the admirable sketch we print elsewhere of Mr. Disraeli. He is a man who will govern England with wisdom and tact, and not with the spirit of adventure. It is a life of romance, and as it passes now into the shadowy period of threescore and ten, we may almost feel that we are contemplating its close.

National and Lenten Sermons.

Our collection of sermons to-day embraces chiefly topics that have a peculiar reference either to the day we devote to the honor of our great captain—Washington—or to the season in which we commemorate the temptations, sorrows and sufferings of our greater Captain—the Lord Jesus Christ. Of the latter class is that delivered in the Cathedral by the Archbishop, who explained the significance of this holy season of Lent as understood by the Catholic Church, and urged its importance in a spiritual sense to help the soul toward a better life and holier thoughts and aspirations. Of similar purport is the sermon preached by Dr. McGlynn in St. Stephen's church, where also in the evening the Rev. Mr. McCreedy took up a practical feature of this season—namely, repentance—and explained its nature, the necessity for it, the manner and form of its effects, and the importance of promptly getting into full sympathy with God's commandments and keeping them.

Of the other class—national sermons—is that delivered by Dr. Fulton in Hanson place Baptist church, Brooklyn, on Americanism in Church and State. Ignoring the old interpretations of the Apocalyptic woman fleeing into the wilderness on the wings of a great eagle, and remaining there for one thousand two hundred and sixty years, Dr. Fulton believes that America is the wilderness referred to, and that here is to be the great battle ground of Protestantism and Romanism. The Doctor will no doubt hold a high commission in the Protestant ranks when that great conflict comes, though he believes the power of Romanism in America is broken. Why, then, waste time in discussing the question whether America is to be Romanized or Romanism Americanized? The ignorance, bigotry and superstition of Catholics born here is something terrible if Dr. Fulton speaks correctly, and his battle cry is, "Put none but Americans on guard." We hope such a cry will never be taken up by any great proportion of the people of this land. His fling at the Roman Catholic press has but the barest shade of fact in it, and is doubtless but a cheap advertisement for his own anti-Catholic journal.

Of a national character, also, is the sermon delivered by the Rev. Henry Powers in the Church of the Messiah. He indicated the direction of Washington's greatness. He was really great in the bulk and compactness of his practical powers; he was great intellectually, but the excellency and chief distinction of Washington's greatness were, however, moral. He left behind him as a priceless treasure to his countrymen the example of a stainless life. This is more than a few of his successors will leave, or have left, and surely it is more than "the average Congressman of to-day" can ever gain, either by purchase or inheritance. The name of George Washington is too sacred and pure to be mentioned in the same breath with that of the man who pockets Crédit Mobilier funds and then addresses Sunday schools on the importance of honesty and integrity in life, or who staggers to or from his home under the influence of liquor one day and the next shouts "hurrah" for the woman's crusade against rum. And who, as Mr. Powers inferentially asks, is responsible for the average Congressman of to-day but ourselves? We, his conituents, make him what he is, and he undoubtedly fairly represents the average moral character of the community that sends him to Washington. Here, too, is a field for the exercise of woman's influence to turn the tide of politics toward morality, as it is now evidently going farther and farther away from it.

Aside from the two general subjects above named two others have attracted more or less attention in the pulpits of Brooklyn. The great feature of the Sabbath in that City of Churches was the dedication of Dr. Talmage's mammoth Tabernacle, a house capable of seating 4,000 persons—the largest free church on this Continent, erected at a cost of $100,000, all of which has been paid or was subscribed for yesterday. The union sentiment was fully recognized in the dedicatory services. Baptist, Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian ministers met on the same platform and gave their words of cheer to pastor and people, and "the great Methodist Church beggar" of this country and this century managed the financial part, so that the people allowed him to pick their pockets very cheerfully.

It is quite likely that Mr. Beecher had in his mind yesterday, while preaching his missionary sermon, some of those long established benevolent institutions of New York which object to charity being administered except by themselves. Let a new almoner appear in the city, and, like a strange ox or a new fowl in the farmyard, he is gored by all or pecked by all. Man, says Mr. Beecher, is worth more than all science. There is no gift so precious as one's self. We have no right to trust communities other than by the rule that those who have are debtors to those who have not, the world over.

THE CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—Owing to the fact that the anniversary of Washington's Birthday occurred this year on Sunday its celebration will take place in most of the cities and towns to-day. Preparations have been made in this city and Brooklyn for its proper observance. Yesterday the United Order of American Mechanics honored the memory of the Father of His Country by an oration at the Cooper Institute, but the more boisterous patriotism waited for a day. It is a beautiful custom, this annual tribute to Washington's genius and services, and while its observance continues we need scarcely fear for the safety of the Republic.

MORE PRACTICAL CHARITY.—James Olvany will distribute a hundred loaves of bread among the poor of the Seventh Ward twice a week for three weeks. This is another example of feeding the poor without the interposition of salaried charity.

THE JAPANESE INSURRECTION in the neighborhood of Nagasaki is making rapid progress according to the latest advices from London by cable. The reports may, perhaps, contain a very exaggerated account of the movement, any denial of the authority of the ruling power being such a novel, unexpected step on the part of the Asiatics